Black Omen "Curtains Of Imaginary Vortex"

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In the raven black forest wander I with my dead flowers I look for my dead children with all my melancholy So thirsty for peace is my soul that I wait for my end with full moon light

Perceiving is so difficult

And being able to find the truth
I can see the beauty of death
I can see the truth through my dull eyes
Behind the curtains of imaginary vortex

On the roses she'd I each drop of blood From my eyes and I vomit blood Dreadful dreams again turn to beauty With the cold breath of death

ÓI just cameÃ... Don't know the reason My feet took me here And I kissed, without reason,

The body with the identity ÓmeÔ And I leave without knowing the reason My feet take me from hereÃ...Ô

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